

■ A great sculptor and his strange devotion to his model and companion.

## AUGUSTE RODIN

In the 1860's, Rose Beuret, a freshcheeked peasant girl, came from Champagne to Paris, where she met Auguste Rodin, a young sculptor, and there began a strange love affair which didn't end in marriage until 50 years later. For Rodin had pagan theories. They lived together; Rose cooked, mended, and served as model, but even the birth of a son did not persuade Rodin to marry her.

Later, when Rodin had the world at his feet and a stream of famous men and grand ladies came to the studio, Rose kept entirely in the background, opening the door in her old apron and slipping back to the kitchen. Many people thought she was just a servant, and so she was except that her only wages were smiles from the man she loved and his occasional: "You are the one I love."

In 1916, however, at the age of 76, Rodin signed away his possessions to the State for a life pension, and found that if he died before Rose, the State would grant her no pension unless they were married. So after living with her 50 years, he decided to marry her.

The day of the wedding, it was freezing and France was suffering from a fuel shortage; Rodin and his poor old fiancée hobbled around wrapped in all the clothing they could find, but the old lady was happy. "Yes, my dear," she said, "it's my turn at last." As the ceremony was read, they huddled together for warmth with a rug over their knees.

Never was there a stranger honeymoon. Neither friends nor officials could procure an ounce of coal, so the old couple stayed in bed from morning till night, holding hands between two beds and

talking about the past.

But they had not been married a month when Rodin watched his good Rose die. "I'm all alone now," he said,

like a lost child. It was the first time Rose had given him cause to weep. — *From the book Rodin: Immortal Peasant by A. Leslie.*

## A TEST OF SALESMANSHIP

Back when I started in the automobile business in Chicago, it took courage to buy a new car. Only mechanics or close friends of mechanics dared to buy used cars.

But one day a veterinarian stopped by to look at a secondhand Jackson. He requested a demonstration. With reckless abandon I agreed to drive him home.

To my great shock, the doctor's home turned out to be on a farm 40 miles away. Despite the fact that Jackson's slogan was "No hill too steep; no sand too deep," only stouthearted adventurers ever crossed the city line in a 1905-model Jackson.

But a miracle happened that day in Illinois. Though the long-suffering engine banged and pounded like a boom-time boiler factory, the old Jackson made the 40 miles! I was the most surprised 18-year-old kid you ever saw.

In his kitchen, the veterinarian dipped his pen and started to sign the purchase papers. Then he halted. "One question, son," he said. "If you were me, would you buy this vehicle?"

My heart did a flip-flop. I was broke and needed the commission. While debating what to say, I looked up and there on the wall was an embroidered banner that warned: "God hears every word you say."

No sale. — *Paul Hoffman, NBC.*